

DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

MINOR & MURRAY, Editors.

"SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO."

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THE BANNER.

THE CONVENTION.

The election of members to the Convention, for the amendment of our State Constitution, will take place on the 1st. Monday in August next. In importance, that election will be second to none which has ever been held in this State. Our Constitution formed for a sparse population in a few counties, is not suited to the present condition of our State. By the Constitution, it is provided that each county shall be entitled to at least one representative; and yet that the whole number of representatives shall never exceed one hundred. The number of counties is now nearly one hundred; almost equal to the whole number of representatives allowed by the Constitution; and yet some of those counties number a population ten times greater than that contained by others. Hence, under our present Constitution, it is utterly impossible to apportion our representation to our population. But if all of our citizens are equal, and entitled to equal privileges, representation must be calculated according to population, or there is no justice in a representative government. The questions of limiting the judicial tenure, of the appointment of the Judges by the Governor, or their election by the people, as well as many others of the utmost importance will also be brought up for the consideration of that convention. It is then highly important that we select for our representatives on such an occasion, not only the most talented but fearless and honest men—men who not only know the rights of their constituents; but knowing will dare maintain them.

There now remains but a little more than three months before the election. It is time then that the people were beginning to canvass in earnest the merits of the great questions to be decided, as well as the ability and the fidelity of the men by whom they are to be represented. We will say to the people of Pike and the north east, let us understand the questions to be decided, and be sure that we select competent men who agree with us on those questions.

HORRID AFFAIR.

We learn from a gentleman just from the eastern part of Lincoln county, that a most horrid affair came off in that county upon Friday the 10th inst. The particulars as we gather them, are as follows: In attempting to drive Turnbull and family off, a general fight took place, in which Malice Davis, quite a young man, and of irreproachable reputation was killed, by the passage of three balls through his body. James Turnbull, is a young man without family, badly wounded in the throat, recovery hopeless.—Washington Norvell, a man of family, wounded in the head and back. John Davis and Squire Turnbull, both wounded, although there is but little doubt as to the recovery of the three last named. Comment, censure or crimination, we now feel would be useless, perhaps wrong; we would prefer for the honor of our country, to envelope this whole transaction in darkness, but we have become the chroniclers of passing events, and of course note this down.

The following gentlemen compose the Cabinet of Gov. Edwards:—

F. H. Martin, Secretary of State; William Munroe, Auditor; Attorney General, B. F. Stringfellow; Treasurer, Peter G. Glover; Register, G. W. Huston.

Better mind how you deal in halter before you know how to use them; might get caught.—Mo. Journal.

Don't deal in the article, neighbors—but we know where some ought to be disposed of. If the Journal men are not good at guessing, let them look into their glasses.

PINES H. SHELTON, Esq., of St. Charles county, has been appointed, by the Gov. Inspector of the State Tobacco Warehouse at St. Louis.

There has been a regular "flare up" between the Statesman and the Democrat, about nothing. Now boys, keep your tempers.

No, Mr. "Tempest," we do not think your table shows any disposition on the part of the legislature to give the new counties any very great preponderance. But we do think the Banner is either ignorant or willfully, grossly mistaken.—[Mo. Journal.]

Thank you Sawbones for the compliment which you have paid us. Had one of acknowledged talent and learning have applied the epithet to us, perhaps we should have been ruffled in temper, but coming from those notoriously lacking themselves, we must hear as well as we can, the charge of being "either ignorantly or willfully, grossly mistaken." We cannot promise to follow Deputy Sawbones of the Journal, through all the jargon and twattle, with which he has filled one whole column of his paper; simply because it is evidently an attempt on his part to raise a tempest, but a glorious failure for want of force. And further, because it is scattered over too much ground. We say all that can reasonably be said about this subject, when we reiterate what we said last week. That with us, there certainly were objections to the bill; but the idea of pleasing a whole State was preposterous. No sensible man could expect it, and that this whole controversy was nothing but a mighty effort on the part of Sawbones, of the Journal, to make capital out of his stock in trade, which is exceedingly slim. They could justly and applaud the District Bill of Gen. Wilson, on the ground that "the boundaries of the State, the course of the Missouri river, and the manner in which this portion is settled, render it impossible to do otherwise, and pay any regard to the common interests of the people."

In the name of God! in the name of justice! in the name of all that is holy! "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." We do not claim for our Senator, Dr. Welborn, infallibility.—Like other men, doubtless, he has his faults. If any grievous sin he has committed, the sovereigns of the land will punish him for that sin, by visiting upon his head their curse. The Editor seems to have thrown aside the characteristic candor of the men, and to have substituted low and party slang, for argument, and an ungenerous imputation of Welborn's motives for logic. "Tempestuous"—"blast the hopes of republican government"—"chastely submitted tool," etc; dance through this whole editorial in all the maze of nonsensical confusion. It requires no great depth of erudition to make sounding charges unbacked & unsupported by one single iota of proof. The Journal says Dr. Welborn "has basely submitted himself to be the tool of a selfish and corrupt party." Upon what authority, upon what evidence does the Journal make this sweeping charge? Is it his stern and unswerving devotion to republican principles, and his thorough hatred of every principle of Federalism, which has brought upon him the fierce assaults of a partisan press, and the sobriquet of "tool." Such unjust, ungenerous and wanton attacks upon the motives and views of any man, in any station, when the object with which these assaults are made, is so evident, will elevate any man in the public estimation. Once more to the breach, Sawbones.

A fine body of Chalk has been recently discovered on the Osage river, in Morgan county, in this State.

An animated contest is going on in Rhode Island, for the office of chief Executive of the State. The contest there is not for Whig or Democrat, but the war cry is "liberty or slavery, Dorr or Anti-Dorr."

When were Clay and Ray counties organized Mr. Banner?—[Missouri Journal.]

In eighteen hundred & "go to sleep." See revised code. When was Capt. Sym's hole discovered, Mr. Sawbones?

The Frankfort Yeoman says that the Hon. T. F. Marshall will be a candidate for Congress in the Fayette District.

We are pleased to see that many of the principal journals of the democratic party, express a decided preference for the one term system. President Polk, by his letters is strongly committed in favor of that system. If he will strenuously oppose all efforts to bring him again before the people, as a candidate for the Presidency, he will set a noble precedent for future Presidents, and gain an immortal honor for his own name. With the people, the one term system is decidedly popular. They wish to see the Executive office managed with an eye single to the well fare and honor of the country, and not with a view to the re-election of the incumbent. They wish to hear an end made of the cry of bribery, corruption and the whole train of abuses and evils consequent upon the two term system. We hope, and we sincerely believe that President Polk will have the nerve to set the precedent. We append an article from the Nashville Union, which is very much to our taste:—

THE PRESIDENT AND A SECOND TERM.—We regret to see an effort making by one of the correspondents of the New York Herald to make the impression that President Polk either has or ought to have an eye to a second term. Nothing would be more prejudicial to the success of the administration than the prevalence of a suspicion that Mr. Polk could be induced to become a candidate for re-election. In accepting the nomination of the Baltimore convention, he voluntarily restricted his service to a single term. This pledge was made after full deliberation to redeem it in good faith. The democratic party, without exception, approved this determination, and elected Mr. Polk under a full conviction that, at the end of four years, he would retire to private life. We feel perfectly warranted in saying that any and every intimation that he has ever for a moment entertained the idea of a re-election is wholly unfounded. He entered upon the duties of his office with a fixed resolution to administer the government with an eye single to the advancement of the best interests of the country, relying firmly upon the generous support of his fellow-citizens, and not doubting that his own reputation would be promoted in the promotion of the happiness of the people.—But when his present term shall expire, he will assuredly retire, and leave the choice of a successor to the people.

BIGOTRY.

Some writer gives the following just description of bigotry:—

"Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; and when she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses, her communion is death; her denunciations are written in the blood of victims; she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred soul, to whether fang for keener enmity, and prepare her wing for a more deadly and desperate flight."

ENGLISH FETTER ON HEMP REPEALED.

By the English papers received by the "Banner," it appears that, among the numerous articles which Sir Robert Peel proposed to submit into England duty free, was that of hemp. Peel's proposed reduction has been pressed in the House of Commons by a majority of 208. The duty upon hemp, though it was little before, is now entirely taken away. This is a matter of considerable interest to our hemp growers, as we look forward with perfect certainty to the time, when, with increased skill and care in its raising, American hemp will be preferred to Russian in the European markets. This reduction will likewise probably have the effect of increasing at present the exportation of hemp to England, and thus immediately raising the demand for, and enhancing its price.

ANOTHER PRINTER IN THE U. S. SENATE.

The Philadelphia Sentinel says that Cameron, the newly elected senator from Pennsylvania, served as a newspaper printer before he entered the Senate, was a practical printer for a number of years, and has risen to his eminence by his talents and industry. It always affords us pleasure to see members of the craft in the line of promotion.

The average receipts of the Globe newspaper for the last fifteen years are said to have been \$100,000 per annum.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF OUR COUNTRY?

BY JUDGE STORY.

When we reflect on what has been, and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts—what brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm—what solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty.—Greece! lovely Greece!—the land of scholars and the nurse of arms—where sister republics in fair procession, chanted the praise of liberty—where is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns & statues in the dust, or beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopye and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She fell by the hand of her own people.—The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, passions and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glauced in the rising sun—where and where is she! The eternal city remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm in the composure of death.—The malaria has inversed in the paths won by the destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease was upon her before Caesar had crossed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep problems of the Senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome.—The legions were bought and sold, but the people paid the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times that clustered around modern Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness and not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like the avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasant sink before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely with a permanent possession and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last example of self-government by the people. We have begun under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions never have been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The Government is mild. The press is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What is more necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created.

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breeze of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low-lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North and moving onward toward the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself?—That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "they were but they are not!" Forbid it my countrymen! Forbid it heaven!

I call upon you, Fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, resist every attempt to fetter your conscience or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, Mothers, by that which never fails, in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them as they climb your knees to lean on your bosom, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with the baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never forsake her.

I call upon you, young men to remember whose sons ye are, whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression.—Death can never come too soon, if necessary, in defence of our country.

The Last Farewell.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be a suppliant at the prison door.—However he granted the boon—led to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison wall with downcast head, and his arms were folded across his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think "the world was always sunshine." The clanking of the heavy chains sounded like a death bell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in heaven, only there we part no more.—In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body. He spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his infancy; and should the world pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she would still cling to him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turn-key entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met—they could not say farewell—the door swung on its hinges, and they parted forever. No not forever? Is there no heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to his country.

"And one—over the myrtle showers,
His leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that fair band."

'Twas in the land of Italy—what a magnificent scene! A pale emaciated girl lay upon her bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die, far from home, in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freely to the pining soul. Oh no—her star was set! The brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. What ties have been formed on earth—close burning ties what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last the beloved one snatched away, and all our love is given to a passing flower. Enough! she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Sarah Curran. Inly contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the hailing tones of the shepherd's lute sounds a requiem to her memory.

SINGULAR CURE FOR THE HEADACHE.

I had a violent headache, which the captain undertook to cure and he certainly succeeded. He made me sit down, seized hold of my capot, and, placing a thumb on each of my temporal arteries, pressed them in

such way as to almost stop the whole circulation of my blood. He then directed me to have as long a sigh as I could, and I walked into dinner completely cured. I have seen ladies in this country, whilst suffering under such maledy, appear with a wafer stuck on each temple, which, I presume, was only a milder way than my friend the captain employed of driving off this tormentor.—My Adventures.

THE PROPOSED CONVENTION.

A Convention is to be elected next August, to remodel our Constitution, and the importance of such an election is infinitely greater than any of the ordinary elections that divide parties and agitate the country. The most able and safe men in the country should be elected, the best talents and largest share of experience and practical wisdom of the State should be called into service.—

The members of the convention should be men who are above mere partisan influence, who will not be controlled by personal or local views, but who, in the liberal spirit of true patriotism, will seek to promote the honor, prosperity, safety & welfare of the country.

We do not need rash innovators or reckless reformers, but we should elect such men as will exercise a salutary conservative influence in that body, and apply a substantial remedy for the evils that caused the call of the Convention.

We do not desire to see too much experimental patching and tinkering with the Constitution, but such parts as have worked well in practice should be retained. The objectionable features of the present should be removed or properly modified and others substituted for them.

The great object of the Convention is to arrange and equalize the representation, in such manner that every free citizen of the State will have an equal weight in the Legislature of the State. This should be the primary, leading and controlling object of the members.

Equal representation is a question on which there should be no compromise, and the utmost care should be taken to secure it, and to provide that it shall be kept so.

The Convention would act wisely in not making many changes, but only to correct such parts as have worked evil in practice, or are decidedly wrong in principle. To effect the objects of the Convention, to do good and prevent evil, the very best talents of the State should be employed; it will not be a large body; its session will not be tedious, and our first men can afford to spend a short time in this important and responsible Assembly. The people should most carefully avoid the noisy partisan, the pot house politician, the man who relies on drum shop influence and low electioneering arts for success. All such should be discarded, and men of high moral reputation and true dignity of character should be selected. Demagogues should be carefully discarded by the people, and every man who goes into that Convention should divest himself of his prejudices, and enter upon his duties with a full determination to devote his utmost energies to the formation of a Constitution that will be truly Republican in its character—that will promote the public good, and be satisfactory to the people.

The making of the fundamental laws should not be trusted to experimenters, but should be a work of the utmost caution and prudent discretion. This is a subject that merits the careful attention of the people, and it should excite no ordinary degree of interest.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The validity of a Sheriff's deed in the conveyance of title to property, under what is known as the infamous Tax law of 1843, is likely to be determined by the United States Circuit Court, now in session in this city. The question comes up by the production of one of these deeds in evidence of title to a parcel of land in controversy. The whole of yesterday was occupied in the hearing of argument in the case. Mr. Gerry occupied the fore part of the day in contesting the validity of such deed. Mr. Spaulding took the opposite ground. As the decision involves the title to a vast amount of property, the decision of the court will be looked for with much interest. —[Republican.]